

THE SILENT WORLD.

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No. 5.

BY AND BY.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

WHAT will it matter by and by
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or a golden sky,
When I look back on it, by and by?
What will it matter by and by
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
Bidding me think of the by and by?
What will it matter by and by
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with a glad content,
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by and by?
What will it matter by and by
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the palid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh;
"All will be elsewhere by and by?"
What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God,
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him, by and by.
What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of slip or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since he will smooth it by and by?
Ah! it will matter by and by
Nothing but this: That Joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by!

—Independent.

Two days before his death this poem was handed to us by Edward Stretch, the young student of the Deaf-Mute College, whose death is noted in the "College Record," with the remark that he thought it expressed a beautiful sentiment.

AMOS KENDALL.

XIII.

SETTLEMENT IN KENTUCKY.

On the 21st of February, 1814, Mr. Kendall left Boston and after a tedious stage ride of nine days, arrived in Washington, where he entered into an agreement with a Mr. Bledsoe to go to Lexington, Kentucky, to assist him in the instruction of his children. In return, Mr. Bledsoe engaged to give him board, the use of his law-books, and \$100 per year. He arrived in Lexington in April, but the treatment he received from Mr. Bledsoe was such that their agreement was never carried out. He sought employment and was engaged by the wife of Henry Clay to teach her children. She gave him board, the use of Mr. Clay's library, and \$300 per year. Through Mrs. Clay he became acquainted with her relatives and friends, who treated him with the utmost kindness, and his time passed pleasantly, not only in his little school, but in the social circle.

After spending some months in Mr. Clay's family, he took out a license and settled as a lawyer in Georgetown, Kentucky. For a while he divided his time between various newspaper schemes and

practiced law to some extent. While editor of *The Georgetown Patriot*, political feeling ran high and he became involved in spite of himself. He says in his journal of this date, "certain gentlemen have threatened to insult me. I consequently think proper to arm, and have borrowed a dirk, with the resolution to insult no man, but if insulted, to resent it, and if attacked, to defend myself." The elections, however, passed without his having occasion to use his dirk, and the bitter feeling soon subsided.

In September, 1816, Mr. Kendall had occasion to go to Frankfort, Kentucky, on business. While there he received a proposal to become editor and part owner of a State paper called, the "*Argus of Western America*." If he accepted this proposal, it involved the abandonment of all his plans of life, and the adoption of a purely literary and political career. Political strife had no charms for him, but just then party strife had died away, and the time was called, "the era of good feelings." The prospect was, therefore, that he would be able to indulge his literary taste without encountering the personality and bitterness which had for many years characterized newspaper discussions. He had never liked the practice of law, and his experience in it had not been such as to commend it to his favor. He, therefore, accepted the proposal, and removed to Frankfort.

POLITICAL QUARRELS.

He was grievously disappointed in his expectations of being able to keep aloof from political strife. He had hardly begun his duties as editor of *The Argus* before he found himself involved in political controversies. In the course of a controversy between *The Argus*, of which Mr. Kendall was editor, and *The Commentator*, a rival paper, edited by Mr. Farnham, *The Commentator* published certain statements concerning Mr. Kendall, which he characterized in the next issue of *The Argus* as "base and wilful falsehoods." The blunt and decisive contradiction so enraged Mr. Farnham that he publicly announced his intention to demand personal satisfaction. This being reported to Mr. Kendall he deemed it no more than prudent to arm himself, and again carried a dirk. Mr. Farnham sought Mr. Kendall in the latter's office and induced Mr. Kendall to accompany him to a neighboring bookstore. There after some conversation, Farnham attacked Mr. Kendall with his fist. The friends of both parties here rushed forward, and in the tussle which ensued, Mr. Kendall drew his dirk and obtained possession of one with which Farnham was armed, but did not attempt to use either. The combatants being separated, it appeared that Farnham was the only one hurt; his shoulder having been dislocated by a fall and his eyes badly gouged by one of Mr. Kendall's friends. The quarrel continued with increased bitterness, and Farnham finally incurring the contempt of his own political friends, was driven out of the state.

On another occasion the editor of *The Commentator* met Mr. Kendall in the street, and at once knocked him down and repeated the operation several times before he was arrested. Mr. Kendall was unarmed at the time and very much inferior to his assailant in physical strength. A few days afterward, while visiting a friend, he was assured that this man was not satisfied, and would renew the assault upon the first occasion. His friend pressed upon him a small pistol, then out of order, with the view of having it repaired and carrying it in his pocket. While Mr. Kendall was

returning home from this visit, he saw his enemy with a friend, both on horseback, in a lonely part of the road, coming to meet him. As they passed each other, both parties raised their whips and struck. The noise of the whips startled the horses so that they sprang forward. Mr. Kendall, looking back, saw his antagonist wheeling around to follow him, whereupon he wheeled around also, and thrusting his hand into the pocket containing the pistol, threatened to shoot him. This so frightened him that he rode off. When Mr. Kendall arrived in town he told his story, showed his empty and broken weapon, and thus made a laughing stock of his assailant for the whole town. This was too much for him to bear and he also left the state.

The following is Mr. Kendall's opinion of himself as deduced from these personal rencounters, and written down soon afterward.

"So far as these affairs have enabled me to know myself, my opinion is that I have not so much of the daring in me as some men, but that I have nothing of cowardice. I have not felt intimidated at the attacks nor lost my presence of mind, and the most I fear from a repetition of them is the necessity of killing my assailant. I would rather disarm and take a whipping, if that were safe or would be esteemed honorable."

A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

At this time Mr. Kendall's duties were very confining, and his only recreation was obtained from brief excursions, during which he visited his friends and saw something of the country in the neighborhood of Frankfort. On one of these excursions he visited Isaac Shelby, one of the heroes of the Revolution, who had been Governor of Kentucky, and then lived on a plantation in Lincoln County. The old man was still vigorous in body and mind, and was possessed of a fund of interesting facts about the early history of Kentucky. Not far from his house was the Knob Lick, which was an extensive excavation in the side of a hill, dug by the tongues of buffalo. The earth of which the hill was composed was mixed with alum and salt. Thousands of buffalo had for ages come there to lick the earth for the alum and salt, until they had dug away one side of the hill. Governor Shelby said that for some time after his settlement in Lincoln County he procured almost all his meat from this spot. He was accustomed to hide, rifle in hand, behind a tree upon the top of the excavation. He could then look down on the hundreds of buffalo below and select a fat young one to shoot down at his leisure. Sometimes he would amuse himself by hiding in this way and, when a great number had collected, suddenly show himself and throw a club in the midst of them. The whole herd would instantly take to flight through the forest with a sound like distant thunder, which could be heard for miles. When not frightened, they travelled slowly in broad beaten paths and in a direct line.

Mr. Kendall's first political campaign ended in an overwhelming victory for the party which he supported. He reported the proceedings of the Legislature, including sketches of the leading speeches, during the winter, and he and his partner were elected public printers.

THERE are three thousand deaf and dumb persons in the city of London, England.

THE slamming of a door by a person in a passion is a sort of dumb oath. Hood called it a wooden one.

AN ape of extraordinary intelligence is on exhibition at the Zoological Gardens in London. A teacher in a deaf and dumb school has offered to teach the creature to talk.

THE DUMB SHALL SING.

THE following is an extract from a sermon preached by Rev. J. N. Freeman in the Presbyterian Church, Peekskill, New York, the Sunday before Christmas, and published in *The Peekskill Messenger*. Rev. Mr. Freeman is a brother of Mrs. C. K. W. Strong of Washington, and was once a teacher in the New York Institution:

"And they sung a new song."—*Revelations* v, 9.

But then, wonder of wonders! "The tongue of the dumb shall sing." For that matchless heavenly choir, whose hallelujahs shall be louder than the noise of many waters, and like great thunders, God will not select earth's sweetest voices alone, but in gracious mercy shall touch the lips of the silent ones. Those, who never could sing God's praises here, shall then break forth into rhapsodies sublime, and lead the song, while angels, who sang so marvelously on Creation's morning, and on the night of the Saviour's birth, shall wait in silence till they gladly echo the notes which fall from the lips of those who once were dumb. Never will the strains of golden harps sound so sweetly, as when their strings are swept by the fingers of the Redeemed. Never will the celestial bells ring out so mellow a chime as when they welcome God's chosen to the adoration of the Lamb. We may not sing with the understanding now, but if we make melody in our hearts unto the Lord, if we praise him by a consecrated life, one day our tongues shall be unloosed, and we shall begin our eternal song—such as Handel, and Hayden, and Mendelssohn, and Beethoven never imagined. Oh! my friends, let the Messiah be your Saviour, your master, your king. Then shall you and I stand with that shining throng and join in that glorious anthem.

DOWN WITH SIGNS!

I WAS very much pleased with Mr. Douglas's letter in the January 15th number of *THE SILENT WORLD*. Perhaps my experience may add weight to what he said about signs.

When I first went to school, I took a violent dislike to signs, and, instead of diminishing, this dislike has rather increased with time. My teacher and I had a regular battle about my learning them. I told him that, being a semi-mute, and intending to associate almost exclusively with those that could hear after leaving school, I should have no use for them. He said I would find them of great service to me; that several clergymen, ex-teachers of the deaf and dumb, had found them very useful after leaving the institution. Well, I left school five years ago, associate more with those who can hear than with the deaf and have found signs of *no* use at all, though I have found the alphabets, both the one-hand, and two-hand one, of great service. I always speak both to strangers and friends, and generally make myself understood at the first attempt.

The teachers say that they use signs as a means, not as the end, of education, but I am afraid they are mistaken. It is certain that a mute, on leaving school, knows more signs than English words. A teacher once told me that, in the absence of the regular teacher of one of the highest classes, he taught his class, and attempted to make them understand words spelled with the fingers. The result was a failure and he was compelled to fall back on signs.

As to speaking persons disliking to talk to the deaf, while it may be true in a great measure, it is not always so. There is generally in every company some one who will talk to them. At least I have generally found it so. Last summer a lady talked to me for two or three hours *every* day for nearly two months. The summer before last I was equally fortunate. While deafness is certainly a misfortune, the mutes, in my humble opinion, make it worse by associating so much together. If they talk to those who can hear, without heeding a rebuke now and then, and read newspapers and

books, their condition will be greatly improved. They say they have no time to read; they work from seven o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the evening, and therefore have no time. Pray, what becomes of the time between six and ten o'clock? Wasted in gossiping, if nothing worse. I have time and again read from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pages between the hours of seven and ten. Take one hundred pages as an average, at the end of a year of 365 days a person can read 36,500 pages, and, if he remembers half of what he reads, he will be a pretty well-informed man in a very few years. There is a blacksmith, Elihu Burret, who learned several languages, besides other things, while working at his forge. The excuse of having no time will not serve.

A man who can hear, can learn a great deal without reading, and be a very smart man, but reading and associating with those who can hear is the only chance of improvement that the mute has. In conclusion, my advice to the mutes is substantially that of Mr. Douglas, viz: associate with mutes and use signs less; associate with those who can hear and read more.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

"MR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?"

An exercise of the *Vox Humana* recently occurred at the Boston post-office that was a little more amusing than musical.

An individual stepped up to a general delivery window, and in a somewhat subdued tone asked:

"Any letters for me?"

"What name, sir?" asked the clerk in attendance.

"Watt," replied the applicant.

"What name, sir?" repeated the clerk in a still louder tone.

"Watt, Sir."

"What name?" shouted the clerk still louder, growing red in his effort.

"Watt, sir, is my name," now shouted the applicant in return.

"Yes," responded the man of letters putting in all the power of the lungs he possessed, and shouting like a new adjutant at the head of a raw regiment—"What is your name, sir?"

"Yes, I know it is," now screamed the other, red and excited. "Do you mean to keep me yelling at you all day in this manner? Give me my letters."

By this time two or three clerks inside the window had come to the rescue of their comrade, and a small crowd had gathered around the excited letter-seeker outside, who was shaking his fist, and denouncing the Post-office Department for placing a deaf man at the window.

"What do you mean by calling me deaf?" said the clerk, who overheard this last remark.

"Why, you are deaf, a'n't you?" asked his customer.

"Not a bit of it," said the clerk, "but *you* are, a'n't you?"

"No, sir. I can hear a whisper a mile off."

"Then why did you keep saying 'What' when I asked your name?" Because, Watt is my name—James Watt."

"Oh, I thought you said 'what' all the time," said the clerk.

"So I did, W-A-T-T, Watt."

At this, a fellow clerk suggested that they had better give old Watt's-his-name his letters; which was done, and the crowd, including several disappointed individuals who were anticipating a fight instead of a laugh, dispersed.

A MUTE, named John W. Thompson, has just arrived here from St. Louis, and now meets the incoming trains and importunes passengers for assistance; saying, on a printed card-board, that he is the only support of a widowed mother and sister. He was born in London, England, and raised in St. Louis, is a very sharp boy, and apparently well educated.—*Nashville Banner*.

MR. BEECHER AS A MIMIC.

MR. BEECHER preached last evening upon the difficulty of acquiring correct religious habits, and the comparative ease of maintaining them when once they have become second nature. "Many look upon religion," he said, "as an insurance policy against final loss by fire." He described that kind of religion so funnily that the congregation laughed outright. "They go to church every Sunday," he said, pulling his coat close around him, drawing his face down dolorously, and rolling up his eyes. "The hymns are doled out to them, a good, sound, dry sermon is preached to them, and the most eloquent passage of all is their going out. They attend prayer-meetings, too—most dismal prayer-meetings." Here his lower jaw dropped, more of the whites of his eyes showed and his hands were clasped before him. "There are some comfortable things in Greenwood, but none in one of these prayer-meetings. They go through the exercises solemnly, and the brethren try to say something—they do say the same things they have been saying twenty years. Then the services are mercilessly cut short, and they go gloomily home."

After describing true religion as something independent of forms and catechisms, Mr. Beecher illustrated the process of its practical acquirements. He held an invisible fiddle, fingering the strings with one hand, drawing the bow with the other, and adjusting the imaginary instrument under his chin, while he said: "Have you ever seen a boy trying to learn to fiddle? I don't wonder they call those strings cat-gut. I should say that the spirits of all the dead old cats were in them. But when the boy masters it—" stopping short, he commenced to fiddle gracefully, like a good violinist. Then he showed how a man learns to set type, the desk furnishing the case, from which he slowly and awkwardly carried the letters to a suppositious composing stick, spelling out audibly s-h-a-d. When the congregation had stopped laughing, he gave the rapid motions of the same man after his trade had been learned. "I was taught elocution," he said, "although you might not think it. I was drilled in all the gestures." He made the prescribed gestures, and struck the attitudes in awkward but rapid succession, and then did them gracefully, in the style of a speaker to whom they had become habitual and unstrained. "When we try to be graceful," he said, "we can't be. All those things come by long and persistent usage, and then without thought. In the country where a board six inches wide is laid in the mud, a man will walk it without effort and never step off." Taking his place at one side of the platform, he walked easily in an exact line to the other side, with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes wandering carelessly. "Now," he went on, "put that board at a height of fifteen feet, and not one man in a dozen can walk the length of it without falling off." Taking his position as before, he fixed his eyes in front of him, as though on the elevated board, looked scared, and commenced the imaginary passage. Wavering and balancing, with his arms extended, he with difficulty got half way across, and then stumbled as though falling. The people laughed out loud at the elaborately perfect pantomime.

The greatest hit, however, was the droll mimicry of a miser, who resolved upon reform and began by releasing a mortgage on a poor man's farm. The counterfeit severity of the miser in demanding payment, the fright of the debtor, the blandness of the miser in presenting the cancelled document, and the joyous antics of the debtor's wife and children, were all produced with the skill of trained comedian. Finally, when Mr. Beecher as the reformed miser, with a benevolent smile on his face, mounted his horse and rode off—bending his parted knees and swaying his body in exact imitation of a rider, and cutting behind with an imaginary whip everybody laughed until the tears came.—*New York Sun*.

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WASHINGTON, MARCH 1, 1874.

THE English Magazine for the Deaf and Dumb, contains a biography of Laurent Clerc in its number for February. It is illustrated by a portrait of Mr. Clerc, which, to be frank, does not much resemble Mr. Clerc as we remember him. We have never yet seen a picture of him that could be called a good one.

A NEW elementary book for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in language is now in preparation by a prominent teacher connected with one of our largest institutions. From the very brief synopsis which has been placed in our hands we judge that, in the method by which it conducts the pupil to the acquisition of the English language, the work is to be radically different from any hitherto published. It is plain that it has much merit, and we think the author is correct in basing his lessons on the idea that the process of teaching deaf-mutes is strictly an artificial one, and that the attempt to follow nature in the process, because the deaf-mute may think in signs or with ideas in an inverted order, is a misdirected effort. Teachers will look for the appearance of the book with interest.

THE first number of the *Mute Journal of Nebraska*, mentioned by our correspondent at the Institution at Omaha, has been received. It is neatly printed at the Institution, and is filled with interesting general reading. It is a sheet of four pages, a little larger than the page of this paper, and is published every month of the year, except July and August, when it takes a vacation. The subscription price is fifty cents a year. It is printed and distributed to circulate through the State information in regard to the deaf-mute school, and to teach the boys the art of printing. It is of the same character as *The Mute's Chronicle* of the Ohio Institution. We should think it would be well if every school had a periodical of this kind. We know that if every school printed a paper there would be no call for *The Journal*, *The Advance*, and *THE SILENT WORLD*.

In this connection it has been suggested to us, but not by the author of the work above referred to, that it would perhaps be productive of more good to the deaf and dumb if the money spent by institutions on teachers' conventions and *The Annals* were used to defray the expense of publishing special text-books for the use of deaf-mutes. This suggestion is made without intention to cast reflections upon the management of *The Annals*, for the ability with which that periodical is conducted is readily acknowledged. But there is room for the opinion that it would be better to expend the money in encouraging teachers to write text-books, by relieving them of the pecuniary responsibility which they must face in publishing a book for such a small class of persons as the deaf and dumb, and in giving them a compensation sufficient to repay them for the time spent in the work.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM NEW YORK.

WHILE Dr. Gallaudet was in Albany during January, he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Thorne, and the result was a solution of the mystery that had surrounded a bequest to St. Ann's Church of \$5,000 a few years back. Mr. Thorne drew up a will for a gentleman (whose name I have forgotten) who was very rich and withal a little eccentric. This gentleman, wishing to give something to charitable institutions, and not knowing which ones to remember, left the matter in the hands of Mr. Thorne. Now Mr. T. had attended a service for deaf-mutes at St. Ann's some time previously and having been pleased with his visit, he put down St. Ann's Church for \$5,000. Dr. G. did not know the gentleman whose will bequeathed the money, and from the time of the bequest till he met Mr. Thorne, he was unable to find out how it came about.

On Friday, January 23d, a surprise party was given to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of New York City. There were about thirty deaf-mutes present, all friends of the surprised. Some came quite a distance, one coming all the way from Elizabeth, New Jersey. The evening was passed very pleasantly in telling stories and the like. In the course of the evening a present was given to the happy couple, Mr. Carlin making the presentation speech, to which Mr. Lewis briefly and neatly replied. A bountiful repast, prepared by the surprisers, was served late in the evening and the way in which the eatables disappeared, plainly showed that those present relished what was placed before them. The success of the party is due, in a great measure, to Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald, who was the prime mover in the affair.

Some time in the latter part of January the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger (both deaf-mutes) in Harlem, New York, came near being destroyed by fire, through the carelessness of one of their children in playing with matches. A bed was set on fire, but the flames were discovered in time and soon extinguished. It is needless to say the offender was pretty well warmed afterwards.

Lately Dr. Gallaudet learned through several gentlemen writing to him that a deaf-mute had been using his name in soliciting money. Dr. G. did not countenance such a proceeding and the offender is now in jail. His name is known to me, but for various reasons I withhold it for the present.

During the past few days walking has been extremely unsafe, owing to the slipperiness of the sidewalks. No less than a dozen times has your correspondent found himself laid on his back in the twinkling of an eye, but thus far nothing serious has come of it.

February 6, 1874.

EUREKA.

NOT long since a very nervous lady took passage at the Tip-Top House, White Mountains, to descend by the almost perpendicular railroad. Her fears were apparent to every one, and the following dialogue took place between her and the conductor: Mr. Conductor, how do you hold these cars when you want to stop? Madame, we apply the brake, which you see there. Suppose, Mr Conductor, that brake should give way, what would you do then? Madame, we then apply the double-acting brake, which you see at the other end of the cars. But, Mr. Conductor, suppose that brake should not be sufficient to check the cars, where will we go then? Madame, that depends entirely upon how you have lived in this world. The old lady groaned, but subsided.

JOHN SCANNEL, a deaf-mute, has been sent to prison for six months for forging Rev. Thomas Gallaudet's name to obtain employment.

PERSONAL.

JULIUS BISSETT, formerly a pupil in the Columbia Institution, is now residing at Cumberland, Maryland.

MRS. C. K. W. STRONG, of Washington, was recently called to New Jersey by the death of her grandmother.

W. M. ALLMAN, until recently connected with the Deaf-Mute College, has become one of the proprietors of *The Times*, an enterprising weekly, published at Sturgis, Michigan.

JOHN L. GAGE, a graduate of the New York Institution for Deaf and Dumb, has obtained a good situation as clerk in the office of the National Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN, the blind deaf-mute, has learned to sew perfectly on a sewing-machine of the Wheeler and Wilson patent. It took her but a short time to learn how to operate the machine.

THE father of Mr. Thos. J. Trist of the Pennsylvania Institution, lately died at Alexandria, Va., where he held the office of postmaster. He was a prominent citizen of the place and was respected by a large circle of friends.

WE learn from our efficient New York correspondent, J. R. B., that James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet, has been in feeble health for several years. About two weeks ago he was so sick that his life was despaired of. His wife is most devoted and untiring in her attention to him and has brought him back from the brink of the grave.

P. L. RAY, who was admitted to the Preparatory Class of the Deaf-Mute College and called home by the sickness of his mother almost as soon as he began his studies, passed through Washington lately. He has been spending a few weeks in Indiana for his health. He is now doing well as foreman of a handle and spoke factory in Greensboro, N. C.

MR. J. W. COMPTON has just returned from his trip to New York, looking well and greatly improved by his rest and change. He says that members of Mr. Carlin's family have so often observed a large white cat make a slight noise, while creeping down on a mouse in the cellar, that they have concluded that the animal must be deaf and dumb, and are accordingly making efforts to teach it the sign-language.

THE funeral services of Thomas Shackford, who died suddenly in Boston of heart-disease, were held in the Methodist Church, Jan. 30th. The deaf and dumb friends of the deceased took part in the services under the direction of Mr. Marsh. The casket containing the remains was covered with flowers contributed by the shop-mates of the deceased as a mark of respect. Mr. Shackford was treasurer of the Deaf-Mute Library Association for a number of years and was esteemed and respected by all who knew him.

COLLAMER'S LITTLE MISTAKE.

OLD Mr. Collamer, one of the members of our church, is extremely deaf. Last Sunday the clergyman, during the sermon, had occasion to introduce a quotation, and, as it was quite long, he brought the volume with him, and when the time came he picked up the book and began to read from it. We always sing the Old Hundred doxology after sermon at our church, and Mr. Collamer, seeing the pastor with the book, thought the time had come; so, while the minister was reading, he opened his hymn-book at the place. Just as the clergyman laid the volume down the man sitting next to Mr. Collamer began to yawn, and Mr. Collamer thinking he was about to sing, immediately broke out into Old Hundred at the top of his voice. As the clergyman was just beginning "secondly," and as there was of course perfect silence in the church,

the effect of Mr. Collamer's vociferation was very startling. But the good old man didn't notice that anything was the matter, so he kept on and sang the entire verse through. When he concluded he saw that everybody else seemed to be quiet, excepting a few who were laughing, so he leaned over and said out loud to the man who yawned, "What's the matter with this congregation, anyhow? Why don't they go home?" The man turned scarlet, then the perspiration broke out all over him, for he felt that the eyes of the congregation were upon him, and he would have to yell to make Mr. Collamer hear. So he touched his lips with his finger as a sign for the old man to keep quiet. But Mr. Collamer misunderstood the motion. "Goin' to sing another hymn hey? All right," and he began to fumble his hymn-book again. Then the sexton sailed up the aisle, and explained matters out loud to Mr. Collamer, and that gentleman subsided while the minister proceeded with his discourse. The elders have written Mr. Collamer a note requesting him in the future not to join in the sacred harmony. The fact is too appalling upon the ribald boys in the gallery.—*Max Adeler*.

COLLEGE RECORD.

DEATHS.

"In the midst of life we are in death." "After joy cometh sorrow." How forcibly are these words brought to mind when we think that, while we were writing, for the last number of our paper, the brief chronicle of happy birth-days of loved friends, another friend, in his far Western home, was slowly breathing away his life, and a loved one among us, who took an eager part in those birthday-celebrations, was imperceptibly descending into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

VOLANTINE HOLLOWAY, of the class of '73, died at Poolsville, Indiana, on the 7th of February, 1874, of mesenteric consumption, and in the twenty-fifth year of his age; and—

EDWARD STRETCH, of the class of '74, died here at the Institution, on the 14th following, of the same disease, and in the twentieth year of his age.

Mr. Holloway had been gradually failing for some time, and we had been momentarily in expectation of hearing of his death. The disease which had fastened on his body was slow and painful in its encroachments, and, long before the end, he had given up all hope of life and health, and only saw in the grave a rest for all his weariness and a glad release from all his pain.

The President announced his death at morning prayers on the 12th, and feelingly referred to his record as a student, as a man, and as a Christian, and to the loss which the College had sustained; for, by diligent application while in College, Mr. Holloway had well fitted a naturally strong mind for a large field of usefulness.

The students held a meeting after evening prayers and passed the following resolutions. Several spoke of Mr. Holloway in terms of sincere regard, and recalled with affectionate remembrance their associations with him during his College life.

WHEREAS, An All-Wise Providence has seen fit to remove from this life our late fellow-student, Volantine Holloway,

Resolved, That, in his early demise, the National Deaf-Mute College has lost one of its most honored and worthy graduates; and that we, its students, have lost a late co-worker, endowed with a high order of ability and filled with promises of leading a useful life.

Resolved, That, though we greatly deplore his loss, we humbly acquiesce in God's will.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased as an evidence of our high appreciation of his eminent worth, and as an expression of our heartfelt sympathy for his sorrowing relatives in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to *The American Annals* and *THE SILENT WORLD* for publication.

Mr. Holloway was a graduate of the Indiana Institution and the Valedictorian of his class in College. He had been appointed a teacher in the Indiana Institution, but was compelled to suspend his labors last Fall, on account of the advance of the disease which had developed itself in his Senior year.

Mr. Stretch's death was quite unexpected; for, although he had been troubled with more or less frequent spells of sickness for nearly a year, we thought that he was gradually overcoming the disease. At the meeting to honor the memory of Mr. Holloway two days before his own death, Mr. Stretch was present and spoke with feeling of the relations that had existed between them, saying that Mr. Holloway had been "a kind and considerate friend to him when he most needed a friend." How little did we then think that he would join his friend in the other world, so soon! Prophetic were the words of Mr. Holloway, who, notwithstanding the reports of Mr. Stretch gaining health, said when, the death of Miss Williams, a friend and classmate of both, was divulged to him as he lay on his bed of pain, "Kate, and Ed., and I will not be separated long."

At the meeting of the Ephphatha Sunday School, on the morning after his death, the usual exercises were dispensed with, and many paid tributes to the memory of him who was so universally loved. A committee was appointed to inform Mr. Stretch's friends of the sympathy of the school, and assure them of the sense of bereavement which was shared alike by all.

The funeral services were attended by most of the deaf-mute residents of the city, and were conducted by President Gallaudet, Professors Chickering, Porter, and Fay. Loving hands had decorated the platform with moss, flowers, and clinging ivy, and the coffin was strewn with flowers. The body of our friend lay, not in state before the pulpit, but reposed in the centre of the hall among us, as if our love would still cling to him yet and count his mortal remains as ever dear.

President Gallaudet spoke of both Mr. Holloway and Mr. Stretch in a manner that affected all present; but a much less eloquent discourse would have been impressive, for grief was present in the hearts of one and all. The remarks on Mr. Stretch were made peculiarly affecting by extracts from a letter which he had left to convey his last wishes. This letter had been written in May, 1873, and showed his preparation for death, his deep religious feeling, his passionate love for his mother and sisters, his strict honor, and expressed his wish to be buried with simplicity, and with as little trouble and expense as possible. The remains were taken to the home of Mr. Stretch's friends in La Fayette, Indiana, by President Gallaudet the same evening, and of the services there *The La Fayette Journal* says they were numerously attended, and that the Rev. Mr. Joyce preached an interesting sermon. He was followed by President Gallaudet, who spoke of Mr. Stretch's record as a student, and of the good influence which he exercised over his associates in College; "though he is dead he yet speaketh." Mr. Mac Intire, Superintendent of the Indiana Institution, also made a short address, testifying to the unblemished character of our friend while at the Indiana Institution, and speaking of the friendship entertained for him by all the inmates, and their sorrow for his loss. The paper goes on to say that Mr. Stretch was known by many in La Fayette as a youth of unusual force of mind for one of his years, and remarks that he had an ardent desire to acquire learning and take his place among the good and noble of our land. He had been a member of the Baptist Church from his eleventh year, and had been noted there for the purity of his life and character; and this is the great consolation of his friends in their bereavement.

At the regular meeting of the Literary Society, on the 20th of February, that association paid appropriate tribute to the memory of Mr. Stretch, who was one of its founders and its most enthusiastic

supporter. It was greatly through his energy, taste, and perseverance that the well-selected library of the Society was secured and the interest in the meetings sustained. A series of resolutions were passed and placed upon the Records, but in compliance with the known sentiments of Mr. Stretch no copy was furnished for publication.

Mr. Stretch, at the time of his death, was but nineteen, and yet he had a mind cultivated to an extent much beyond his years, and a mature judgment which made his counsel and opinions always valuable. He had entire control of *THE SILENT WORLD* last summer, and the manner in which he acquitted himself of the trust speaks well for his abilities, and proves that the loss is not to his friends alone, but to the College, to deaf-mutes everywhere, and to mankind in general. A mind so bright as his, an aspiration so lofty, a heart so noble and unselfish, and a disposition so sweet, could not but have filled a wide field of usefulness and done much good for mankind.

DR. CHICKERING addressed the Sunday School on the 22d in his usually felicitous manner.

PROF. SPENCER is in Rome, very pleasantly situated, and enjoying that city's treasures of art to the utmost.

THE class picture of '73 in the Reading Room has been draped in black in honor of Mr. Holloway.

PROF. GORDON returned after a week's absence, leaving his sister still living, but in no very hopeful condition.

MISS GOULDING, the Matron of the Clarke Institution, at Northampton, Mass., has been visiting her cousin, Prof. Chickering, for a week or two.

MUMPS has disfigured the faces and clouded the spirits of some of the pupils of late. One of the girls has been troubled with chicken-pox and measles mixed.

MR. BRYANT, Master of the Cabinet Shop, has of late been sick with chills and fever, and has been unable to attend to his duties. Altogether sickness has been more than usually prevalent.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET, on his recent journey to Indiana, stopped at the Indiana and Ohio Institutions and addressed the pupils at each place—much to their gratification. While at the Ohio Institution, he conducted the devotional exercises, in the course of which he congratulated the State on the growth and prosperity of the Institution, and expressed his satisfaction at the success of the several students from that State at the College, which he said was a credit both to themselves and to the Institution.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

ILLINOIS.

A SHORT time since it was charged that the Board of Trustees were spending the appropriations of the Legislature for building purposes in a different way from that provided by law. It was further charged that the Board had spent more than the amounts appropriated and, to make up for the deficiency thus created, had borrowed money, which is forbidden by law.

A special Committee of the Legislature was appointed to investigate the truth of the charges. The report of this Committee, which has just been presented, concludes that the general management of the Institution, the discipline, and the results attained are to be commended in the highest degree. But the Board of Trustees have spent more money than has been appropriated, have used the money appropriated for one thing for something different, and have borrowed money for the Institution, thus exceeding their authority and violating the law.

The report recommends a reorganization of the Board of Trustees and a better and more careful system of keeping accounts and managing the appropriations.—*Chicago Tribune*.

NEBRASKA.

MRS. GRINNELL, who was the sister-in-law of Mr. Kinney, died of typhoid fever on the 27th of last month, after six weeks and three days of painful illness in this Institution, and was buried in the cemetery about one mile east of the Institution, on the 29th. Great is our sympathy with Mr. Grinnell and his son, an infant, not over seven months old.

A new deaf-mute paper will be published at this Institution soon. It is to be called *The Mute Journal* of Nebraska. Its main object will be local and to disseminate the knowledge of the existence of a school expressly for deaf-mutes throughout this State, so as to bring every uneducated deaf-mute found in this State to this Institution for education. The Nebraska Legislature has generously appropriated one thousand dollars (\$1000) for starting the paper. A large room has been set apart in this Institution for printing purposes, where a number of the male pupils are engaged in learning to set type out of school hours. Everything needed in the printing room has been obtained. The paper is to appear monthly, and the subscription to it is fifty cents per year.

The weather here has been severely cold and is still so. The snow, about one foot deep, has fallen lately.

F. L. R.

February 9, 1874.

AMERICAN ASYLUM.

A NUMBER of the pupils, accompanied by Mr. Stone, recently went to Providence to give an exhibition before the Rhode Island Legislature. Mr. Stone, having been introduced, spoke briefly of the Institution and the course of instruction pursued there. He then called to the platform two of the younger pupils and illustrated the beginning and progress of instruction. Next the older pupils took their turn. Words were taken at random from a newspaper and given them to incorporate into sentences of their own composition. This exercise proved a great success, one boy in particular bringing down the house by the statement that he was sorry Caleb Cushing was not elected Chief Justice, because Mr. Cushing came from the same State that he (the writer) did. After some further black-board exercises by these pupils, Mr. John C. Bull, instructor of the High Class, was introduced with some of his pupils. He explained the course of study in the High Class and the pupils were examined in several of their studies, questions being asked by any one who desired; the proficiency displayed reflected great credit both upon the pupils themselves and their teacher. In the exercise in Physical Geography especially, the pupils showed by their answers to the questions that they were not only acquainted with what they had studied, but were also capable of thinking and deducting for themselves from the principles learned. A brief exercise in vocalization followed, in which several of the pupils pronounced audible words written out in vocal signs before them. As a concluding exercise, one of the young ladies recited in signs the familiar hymn:

"I want to be an angel,—"

The members of the Legislature and others present were greatly interested and, at the conclusion of the exhibition, expressed themselves as much pleased.—*Providence Star*.

NEW YORK.

We are pleased to see your paper so punctually. It is a good sign.

We have had two more deaths since my last, both like the former two little girls. Minnie Turner, of Brooklyn, a sweet and intelligent little girl of seven, died on the last day of January. She went home for the holidays, and was exposed to the measles, which appeared after she came back to school. I understood that diphtheria followed the measles. She had an only brother, a little deaf-mute boy, who was brought by her parents to see his dying sister. He took the disease from her and died too—a very sad case.

The other case was Elizabeth Beatty of Canton, St Lawrence County, aged ten. She first entered school last September. Cause of death, diphtheria, followed by other diseases, finally ending in paralysis and exhaustion. Her home being so remote, and her family not rich, she was buried in the Institution lot in Trinity Cemetery to-day.

With us January has been an unusually mild month, more mud than snow; but February began with a smart snow-storm, followed by another the same week, enabling every one who had a sleigh or sled to take the rust off it. For nearly two weeks every body who could get the chance flew about on runners. Last night a rain utterly spoiled the sleighing, leaving an abundance of mud, water and slush. Sleighs and the sleds of the little boys and girls may probably now be packed away in the lumber room; and the poor horses will have a breathing spell.

There are several cases of measles in the Institution, but I believe all are doing well.

There are reports that our Board of Directors intend to make some important changes in the school hours, arrangement of classes, and number of teachers after the present term; but the details, I believe, are not yet decided on.

Prof. A. Johnson has been appointed Supervisor of the boys during study time, and we anticipate good results from his intelligence and energy. Our boys not long since, debated the question "Which are the most useful, Soldiers or Firemen." Misled by the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," a majority voted for the soldiers.

February 14, 1874.

J. R. B.

INDIANA.

OUR Institution lies in mourning, profound sadness pervades the hearts of all. I suppose that there has never before in its history been such cause for grief. The deaths of Miss Williams, Mr. Holloway, and Mr. Stretch have followed each other in such rapid succession that we have not been allowed to measure the extent of one loss before being called to meet another. It is well that the Christian does not measure faith by sight, or hearts might fail in endeavoring to read the mysterious Providence that has removed from earth, in less than one month, the three so well qualified for usefulness, and so distinguished for talent and nobility of character and life. Our Institution, as their Alma Mater, feels their loss very deeply. Last Sabbath morning, while the body of Edward Stretch was being prepared for its last journey, Mr. Mac Intire was delivering in the Chapel an earnest discourse arising out of the death of Miss Williams and Mr. Holloway. He chose for his text the words, "They also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him," I. Thess. iv, 14; and as he spoke of death and the grave, judgment and the future life, again were we reminded of the fact that life is but a flower that droops and fades, a fleeting shadow, gone with the moment, a cloud of vapor that dissolves and melts from view. The next morning the intelligence of the death of Mr. Stretch thrilled through the Institution with the force of a shock, followed by the deepest awe and sorrow as we paused to ponder the mournful query, "Who next?" Mr. Mac Intire and Mr. Houdyshell went down to attend the funeral at La Fayette, bearing with them a beautiful cross of flowers for his bier, as a faint expression of the love of his friends here.

Dr. Gallaudet made our Institution a short visit on his way back to Washington. In the chapel, before the members of the Institution, he delivered a beautiful tribute to the memory of Mr. Holloway and Mr. Stretch with that matchless grace and more than speaking eloquence for which he is so noted in the use of the sign-language. At the risk of making this letter entirely too long, and failing immeasurably in translating his ideas, I can not refrain from giving the substance of a few of his remarks: "You say that they are dead; that their lives have met with an untimely end. It is not so. They are not dead. They live! They live in their influence they live in the history of this Institution and the College at Washington; they still influence; they still work they still prosper. They are not dead! They have left behind them a record which commands honor and respect, and an influence that will never die. You, who would honor their memory, do so by emulating them. Their lives are not wasted, nor the toil endured and sacrifices made for naught in drinking at the fount of knowledge, for the end of all study is to be able to comprehend the truths of God and hence be fit for Heaven."

Mr. Gallaudet left us in the evening, *en route* for the Ohio Institution, leaving many hearts grateful for the rare pleasure conferred by his visit.

LAURA.

MARRIED.

BEGEMAN—BRANSON.—On the 25th of December, 1873, at the residence of the Bride's father, by the Rev. Sylvester Barcus, Frederick Begeman of Freelandville and Annie Branson of Annapolis. Both have been pupils of the Indiana Institution.

DIED.

GRACE, the youngest and beloved daughter of John P. and Addie E. Ijams, departed this life on the 15th of January last, after a severe illness of six weeks, aged two years, five months, and fourteen days. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her, for her sweet voice and winning ways had cheered their lives. It seems that she knew that she was going to leave this world, and one afternoon a few days before she died, she bade all her friends an affectionate "good-bye" and artlessly embraced and kissed her sister's new doll. She never spoke a word again, and died easily. She was a very bright and interesting child.

P.

MISS EMMA, daughter of W. R. and Martha B. Rutledge, died at the residence of her mother, in Fayette County, Tenn., on the 27th of December, 1873, in the twenty-seventh year of her age.

She was a deaf-mute, but remarkable for the sprightliness of her mind and the amiability of her disposition, and also for her personal beauty. She had been educated at a school for the deaf and dumb, and graduated there last June, and was regarded as a young lady of fine culture. To those who could communicate with her by signs, she had shown herself to be well-informed, and was interesting. She had been for several years a member of the Baptist Church and was pious. She speaks now in the language of the "redeemed from the earth," and can give vocal, audible expression to those sentiments of adoration and praise cherished in her heart here. She was esteemed and loved by all who knew her.

W. D. F. HAFFORD.

THE FORTNIGHT.

It is probable that the form of government in Spain will be decided by a plebiscite.

The Prohibitory law is severely enforced in Maine. It has been in operation for years, but there is still work for the sheriffs.

The whole production of the precious metals throughout the world during 1873 is estimated to have been worth \$119,000,000.

At a recent fire at Springfield, Mass., it was shown that in documents written with violet ink the writing vanished under the great heat to which it was exposed.

It is stated that the Mormons are about to re-establish themselves at Nauvoo, the place from which they were forcibly ejected by the citizens of Illinois about twenty-five years ago.

An Englishman says that there is more misery in Chicago and New York to-day than in London, in proportion to population. Beggary is a profession in Europe; here it is a necessity.

The President has ordered that the Court of Inquiry in the case of Gen. Howard be composed of Gens. Sherman, McDowell, Pope, Meiggs, and Colt, Maj. A. B. Gardner, Judge Advocate. The court will meet in Washington on the 3d of March next.

Mr. A. D. Piper of Boston, who has been exploring the Amazon river, and the Purus, a branch of the Amazon, reports that the Indians of the region are peaceable and cultivate little farms. Cacao, the tree from which we get chocolate, grows wild and in great abundance.

The correspondent of *The London Times* with the Ashantee expedition, in his despatch announcing the successful termination of the war, says General Sir Garnet Wolseley has made arrangements for himself and his white troops to leave the Gold Coast for England on the 1st of March.

A Japanese official at Yokohama recently tried his hand at a proclamation in the English language, for the benefit of the English-speaking residents. The document stated: "The trees cutting, birds and beasts killing, and cows and horses setting in fire at the ground belonging to Government are prohibited."

Postmaster-General Creswell, while before the House Committee on Appropriations, February 13, advocated the establishment on all the railroads of the United States of a special mail-train, to be run at a high rate of speed, for the sole purpose of transmitting mail matter. The system he recommends is somewhat similar to that now practised in Europe.

Recently Pat. Naughton, a locomotive engineer, was convicted, in the police court of Cincinnati, of throwing a live dog into a locomotive furnace, burning him to death. He was fined \$105 and sentenced to the work-house for six months. The case was prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The famine in India is already causing great suffering. In some parts of the country the people are living on roots, many have but one meal daily. There are no markets, and distress prevails everywhere. Those parts of the country that suffer most are the most inaccessible to carriages, and it is almost impossible to send relief.

A Thompson, Conn., clock company has shipped a curious clock to San Francisco, to be placed in the tower of the greatest hotel of the continent, where it will furnish the time for 500 dials, which are to be operated by compressed air carried in pipes all over the building. The building has 500 rooms, and there is to be a dial in every room.

Mr. Dawes, Republican Representative from Massachusetts, made a speech in Congress February 12, in which he charged the Republican party with profligacy and extravagance. He showed by facts and figures furnished by the Treasury Department itself that unless more money is raised in some way there is danger of the country becoming bankrupt. His speech occupied over two hours and recommended reducing the appropriations, which, he showed, have been vastly increased this year over the two preceding years.

The State constables in Boston have suddenly become very active, and seized several thousand dollars' worth of liquor. Their activity began a day or two before a committee of the Legislature began to investigate their practices. It is alleged that not only do constables receive direct bribes, but there is a fund to which liquor dealers have to subscribe to save themselves from prosecution. Nevertheless, Commissioner Bates thinks that if the law remains in force, within a year there will not be a rum shop open in Boston.

A reformed gambler was about to die, and sent for a minister, when the following conversation occurred; "Pastor, do you think I am near death?" "I regret to say I believe you are." "Do you think since I am converted, I will go to heaven?" "I do." "Do you expect to go there too?" "Yes, I believe I will." "Well, we'll be angels wont we and have wings to fly with?" "Yes, I'm sure we'll be like angels," "Well, then," said the dying man "I'll bet you five dollars I will beat you flying."

An attempt was made, a few days ago, to hoax the New York Stock Exchange by sending forged letters to the chairman, announcing that the capital stock of the Western Union Telegraph Company and that of the Toledo, Wabash, and Western Railroad Company had been increased. The forgers hoped that the value of stock in these two companies would be so much diminished that people who owned it would sell at a reduced price, fearing a still further diminution. This would enable those in the secret to buy and realize large profits by selling again at the real value when the hoax came out. The letters were read to the Exchange as soon as received by the Chairman, and the truth of the statement at once denied by the two companies: thus preventing many from losing heavily. The detectives think that they have a clue to the forgers, and it is hoped that they will be arrested and punished.

Some ten days ago Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, offered to bear the expense of opening and maintaining soup houses for the aid of the poor and unemployed of New York City. The offer was accepted, and soup houses have been opened in all parts of the city. Tickets for a good meal of soup, bread, and coffee are furnished at the Police Stations. In addition to those established by Mr. Bennett's charity, there are a large number of places in New York and Brooklyn, maintained, some by societies, others by individuals, and others by general contribution, which are actively engaged in aiding the needy poor. It is one of the saddest features of the present season of want, that most of the applicants for aid are persons who have hitherto never been dependent on charity. It is hoped that the provisions that have been taken will be sufficient to supply all applicants until times are better.

There was a fire in London, February 13, which involved a loss of \$15,000,000. The building destroyed was eight stories high, and belonged to a company similar to our security and Trust Companies, and was used as a place of deposit for plate, pictures, valuable furniture, and, in short, anything more than usually valuable. In this building was locked up the valuable silverware of the old families of England, who rarely use it, except on great occasions. The first floor was a magnificent art gallery, in which were deposited the rarest pictures of several celebrated art galleries. Besides these there were glass-cases filled with valuable jewelry and collections of rare coins. The building was also used for the safe keeping of landed titles, mortgages, and other valuable papers. Admittance to the building could only be obtained from a depositor or director. Five houses and several stables adjacent were partially destroyed. There were a number of accidents, and two firemen were killed. The fire attracted an immense and unruly crowd, and it became necessary to call out the military to preserve order.

One can not take up a newspaper now without seeing notices of the women's war on the liquor dealers. The movement has spread all over the country. First the ladies visit the places where liquor is sold and appeal to the proprietors to sign a pledge to give up the business. If this appeal is refused, prayer-meetings are held in the saloons and grog-shops. At first the ladies, in most instances, were treated civilly, and no opposition was offered by the keepers of the places they visited. But as the movement spreads there seems to be a growing opposition. In one town in Ohio the trial of an injunction restraining the ladies is in progress, but no result has been reached thus far. In another town in Ohio a saloon keeper used obscene language to the ladies, and was fined to the full extent of the law. Where the ladies are refused admission, they hold prayer meetings on the side-walk before the door of the saloon. In several towns they have succeeded in putting a stop to the business. It is, however, impossible to say whether the movement will be a uniform success, or whether the reform will be permanent in the places where it has already been effected. The ladies certainly are making very determined efforts. At last accounts they had organized the movement in New York City, and were to begin operations right away. It is not, however, proposed to hold prayer-meetings in the saloons there, except as a very last resort; it being hoped that the attempt to influence the liquor dealers in other ways will succeed.